The Life and Glorious Actions of

Sir *Cloudesly Shovel* Kt.

Admiral of the Confederate Fleet in the *Mediterranean* Sea, who was unfortunately Drown'd upon the 22d of *October*, 1707. through his Ship the *Association* Splitting on the Rocks near *Scilly*, in her Passage from the *Streights* for *England*.

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The Life and Glorious Actions of that famous and valiant Admiral Sir *Cloudesly Shovel*, &c.

ON *Thursday* the 23d of *October*, came the unwelcome News of the *Association*, a second Rate, being lost on the Rocks of *Scilly*, as she was returning from the *Streights* in Company of the St. *George*, and 17 or 18 Sail more of Men of War, on board of which Sir *Cloudesly Shovel*, and his whole Crew were all lost. He was one of the greatest Sea-Commanders of our Age, or indeed that ever this Island produced; of undaunted Courage and Resolution, of wonderful Presence of Mind in the hottest Engagement, and of consummate Skill and Experience: But more than all this, he was a just, generous, honest and good Man. He made his own Fortune by his Personal Merit alone; and from the lowest raised himself to almost the highest Station in the Navy. In the Reign of King *Charles*, while we had War with the *Corsairs* of *Tripoly*, and the *Algerines*, he performed signal Services, being then only a Lieutenant to Sir *John Narborough* Admiral of the *English* Fleet in the *Mediterranean*; the Admiral sent him in with some Boats and a Fire-Ship, to burn 4 Men of War under the Castle and Walls of *Tripoli*, belonging to the Pirates of that Place, which he performed with great Conduct, to the satisfaction of the Admiral and all the Fleet; so that they were forced to accept such terms of Peace, as Sir *John Narborough* would allow them. From this time he grew into great Favour, and was made Captain of a Sixth Rate, and soon after of a better. There was but little happening till the beginning of the Reign of King *William*, when the War broke out with *France*, at which time he was made Captain of his Majesties Ship the *Edgar*; and was in the first Fight at *Bantree-Bay* on the Coast of *Ireland*, where he signalized his Courage and Conduct, fighting with such Resolution against two *French* Men of War at a time, till the Ship was ready to sink, and even gave the *French* occasion to sheer from him, who from that time in any Engagement never car'd to have to deal with him. King *William* being made acquainted by Admiral *Torrington* how Captain *Shovel*, and also Captain *John Ashby* had behaved their

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themſelves in the Fight, the King was pleaſed to confer the Honour of Knighthood on them both; and ſoon after he did great Services on the Coaſt of *Ireland*, and was preferr'd to be Rear Admiral of the Blue Squadron of his Majeſty's Fleet. In which Station he acted at the unfortunate Battle at *Beachy Head*, where few or none of our *Engliſh* Fleet came to act, but juſt his Squadron, which were deeply, as well as the Ship he was on board of, engag'd with the Enemy; and here he made good his Character, and gave the *French* reaſon to know him ever after: At the Battle of *La Hogue*, he was Rear-Admiral of the Red, and had a great ſhare in Burning and Deſtroying 20 of the Enemies Men of War; and not after with Admiral *Killigrew*, and Sir *Ralph Delaval*, was put into joint Command of the Fleet. But it was not now long before the War ended, whereby he had no opportunity to ſignalize himſelf, till the breaking out the War again at the beginning of the Reign of Her preſent Majeſty. When the Grand-Fleet, commanded in Chief by Sir *George Rooke*, with the Duke of *Ormond*, and the Land Forces on board, were ſailed to make an attempt upon *Cadiz*, Sir *Cloudeſly* was ſent with 20 Sail to join them, and proceed to *Vigo*, in order to attempt the taking or deſtroying the *French* Men of War and Galeons that had put in there; but before Sir *Cloudeſly* join'd them, they had received the Intelligence, and were ſailed that way, wherefore he haſtened thither, but did not arrive till the Buſineſs was executed; and then was left to bring home the Prizes, and other rich Booty taken in that Expedition.

The next Year he was promoted to a higher Poſt, being appointed in Chief to Command the whole Confederate Fleet deſign'd for the *Streights*, and about the beginning of *July* ſail'd from St. *Helen's*, being join'd by the *Dutch*, ſteering for *Liſbon*, and the 24th following anchored before *Caſcais*: from whence he ſent Sr. *Stafford Fairborn* to *Liſbon* to acquaint his *Portugueze* Majeſty with his Arrival; who was receiv'd with all imaginable Joy. From hence, having given the King of *Portugal* a View of the Fleet, he ſet ſail, and paſſing through the *Streights*, and went to water at *Altea*, where the *Spaniſh*

Spaniards were very glad to see them, and brought all manner of Provisions which they were paid for in ready Money: So that having got what Necessaries they wanted, they sail'd for *Legborn*, where they arriv'd the 19th of *September* following, where he maintained the Honour of the *English* Flag, by making the Governour give him a Royal Salute, which he had first omitted. In that Expedition Sr. *Cloudsly* sent 2 Men of War to supply the *Cevenois* with Money, Arms, and Ammunition; but for want of Intelligence, the *Gevenois* not coming to the Sea-shore, as had been concerted, the Undertaking miscarried, to the manifest Grief of the worthy and zealous Admiral, Sr. *Cloudsly*, who express'd a great Concern that he could not relieve them, being always a warm stickler for the Protestant Cause. From *Legborn* Sr. *Cloudsly* sail'd the 2d of *October* toward the *Streights* again, and on the 12th met with a violent storm, which did but little Damage, by reason it was short. Ten Days after, he came into *Altea* Bay, where the *Spainards* were glad to see the Confederate Fleet again, and several of them openly declar'd for King *Charles*, offering to serve on Board the Fleet, which was accepted: Having taken in fresh Water here, and what they wanted, Sr. *Cloudsly* proceeded toward the *Streights*, and having sent *Sir Andrew Lake* to *Lisbon* and *Oporto*, return'd home with the Grand Fleet, and arrived in the *Downs* the 17th of *November* following.

In the Year 1704. he sail'd to *Lisbon*, and joined the Fleet there under Sir *George Rook*, where it was soon after resolved in a Council of War, to make a sudden Attempt upon *Gibraltar*, where Sr. *Cloudsly* had his Share of the Honour of reducing that important Place. From thence the Fleet sail'd toward the Coast of *Barbary* to water, and returning out of the *Tetuan*-Bay, one of the Scouts made a Signal of seeing the Enemy, whereupon a Council of Flag-Officers was called, wherein it was resolved to ly Eastward of *Gibraltar*, to receive them, but

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the *French* did not think fit to bear down upon them. Two Days were ſpent in plying to windward, in purſuit of the Enemy, who, on the 24th of *Auguſt*, they came up with, and bore down to attack them. Sir *Cloudſly Shovel* and Admiral *Leake* leading the Van, who began the Fight, which was continued with great Obſtinacy and Reſolution from 10 in the Morning till 2 in the Afternoon, when Sr. *Cloudſly* having diſabled ſeveral Ships of the Enemies Van, obliged them to bear away out of Reach of his Canon: After which he bent his Strength to relieve the *Center*, which was hard laid to by a Superiority of the Enemy, and by his Admiral Conduct, Bravery, and Succeſs, oblig'd Count *Tholouſe* to follow the Example of his Van, and to tow out of Danger from Sr. *George Rooke*; and altho' but the ſecond in Command, yet got the principal Honour of the Day, and contributed moſt to the defeating of the Enemies Fleet; for which ſignal Service, he was ſometime after appointed Rear Admiral of *England*, and Admiral and Commander in Chief of Her Majeſty's Fleet, in conjunction with the Earl of *Peterborough*: And accordingly, the Fleet being ready to ſail on the 22d of *May*, Sr. *Cloudſly* ſail'd to *St. Helens*, and 2 Days after, ſet ſail again for *Liſbon*, where he arrived the 20th of *June*, and taking on board the King of *Spain* with ſome more Forces, he ſail'd with the Earl of *Peterborough* to *Barcelona*; being welcom'd at *Aliea*, and other places in his way, and then proceeded to *Barcelona*, where having landed the Forces, and aſſiſted in the Reduction of that important place, and the ſeaſon of the Year being far advanced, he return'd home with the Fleet, and arrived the 26th of *November* at *St. Helens*, and a few days after in town, where he was welcom'd by the Queen and Prince, with thoſe Remarks of Eſteem that his Great Services merited.

In the Year 1706. *Sir Cloudſly Shovel* had the Command of the Confederate Fleet, which had on boord [illegible]

Men under the Command of the Earl of *Rivers*, designed for a Descent upon *France*, but being detained by stubborn contrary Winds, till the 1st of *October* at *Torbay*, most of the capital Ships were ordered to be laid up, and *Sir Cloudsly* with the rest sailed for *Lisbon*, and from thence to *Alicant*, where having landed the Forces, he returned to *Lisbon*, and from thence home, in order to prepare for an Expedition of greater Moment in this present Year. Accordingly he set sail with the confederate Fleet for the *Mediteranean*, and by the latter end of *June*, anchored before *Nice*, whose Arrival in those Parts, gave no little uneasiness to the *French*, who judged he was not come up so far for nothing; so that the Design being concerted, and the Duke of *Savoy*, with Prince *Eugene*, marching their Army that way, they came on board *Sir Cloudsly* to concert the farther Operations; where he entertained those 2 great Princes and the *English* and *Dutch* Ministers on board his ship, and with them concerted the Measures for the Attack of *Thoulon*; which though it did not meet altogether with the success which was expected, was not *Sir Cloudsly's* Fault, who gave the Army all the Assistance that could possibly be expected from the Roughness of the Sea and the Badness of the Weather; and his Royal Highness gave particular Marks of his Esteem and Gratitude to *Sr. Cloudsly*, who before he left the Harbour of *Thoulon*, had the satisfaction to see 8 of the enemies capital ships burnt and destroyed, *viz. Le Tryomphant*, of 82 Guns, *Le Sceptre*, of 90 Guns, *Le Vanqueur* of 86, *Le Neptune* of 76, *Le Invincible* of 70, *Le Serieux* of 60, *Le Courier* of 60, and *Le Sage* of 52. When having performed this service, he returned with the fleet to *Nice*, and having sent a squadron to *Lisbon*, he was now returning home, when on the 22d of *October* at 8 at Night, it being dark and foggy Weather, he struck on the Rocks of *Scilly*, in Her Majesty's ship the *Association*; the *St. George* struck likewise on the same Ridge of Rocks, and the same

Wave

Have beat out *Sr. Cloudsly's* Lights, and brought all his Masts by the Board, set *St. George* a-float, after which he never saw *Sr. Cloudsly's* ship more, sinking down to the bottom in 3 or 4 Minutes time, not a Soul being saved of 800 Men that were on board. And thus ended the Life of this Brave and Gallant Commander, who after 30 Years Services and Dangers of the Sea, was at last unfortunately lost just he as was returning home, to the great Grief of the whole Nation, especially those who had served under him. And as his eminent Services have merited a publick Monument for his Ashes, so his Memory ought to be ever dear to this Nation, and his Example the Imitation of all *Brittish* Seamen for the future.

A New *Elegy* on the much Lamented Death of Sir *Cloudesly Shovel.*

O *Britain*! for what dismal Cause of Thine,
Is it that thus we feel the Wrath Divine?
What Mournful Rumour wou'd affect us more,
Than this that comes unwelcome from our Shore?
Shovel! the Grief my Muse assumes for thee,
Makes me pronounce thy Name unwillingly!
To thy unhappy Loss what Tears we owe?
Death gave the stroak, and *England* feels the Blow.
Shovel! the Favourite of *English* Hearts,
Whose Life and Valour spoke his high Desarts.
Abroad he did our Enemies subdue,
And *France* and *Spain* too well his Courage knew:
Where he still fought, you might perceive the Foe,
Dreading his Name, they'd from his Fury go.
While *Shovel* prompted with a Martial Rage,
Push'd on his thundring Squadrons to engage:
'Twas he, *Britain's* Glory, and the hopes of *France*:
Like Eddy Winds intrepidly they met,
And dontbtful Victory the Event did wait:
Incessant Rounds the Galling Guns bestow'd,
And Showers of Ball the Watry Surface plow'd;

Nerve with Honour with brave Danger fought,
Then with brave *Shovel* with his Squadron fought?
There *Britannia's* growing Fame did raise,
And made her Honour known on foreign Seas:
Her Glorious Fleet did then Triumphant Reign,
The Pride of *France*, as they're the dread of Spain.
But while I talk of Grief, the share I claim,
Cannot but from *Shovel's* universal Fame:
What then is theirs who've seen him thus Command?
Methinks I see the *English* Sailors stand
With pale surprize, and sorrow on each Brow,
And seem to say—— 'Who is't shall lead us now,
'Who is it now shall steer the *English* Fleet?
'Can we brave *Shovel* and his Deeds forget,
'The Man we follow'd with our Lives, and He
'That always brought us off with Victory.
'How shall we fight, since he Lov'd is gone,
'And Fate successful Valour led upon.
These are the Mournful Sounds methinks I hear,
While ev'ry Eye for *Shovel* sheds a Tear.
Enough brave *Shovel's* single Life had been,
But Fate grows lavish if she once begins.
O dreadful Accident, be silent Fame,
And tell us not how, nor by what Chance it came,
The Shricks and doleful Cries forbear to name,
A direful Fog obscur'd the dang'rous Coast,
And on the Rocks the *Association* tost,
Where *Shovel* and Eight Hundred Souls were lost.
But 'tis in vain—Heav'n our Offences sees,
And when we sin, thus fatally decrees;
'Tis we provoke, and must endure the smart,
Tho' now we're touch'd in the most tender part.
Shovel is gone, that is our present Grief,
For which there's nought but Time can give relief
Till such another shall supply his place,
And lead our Navy with the same success.

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